

KING HENRY

THE FIFTH:

OR, THE MARCH

Conquest of *France* by the *English*.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :


Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry,	Mr. Booth.
Dauphin,	Mr. Wilks.
King of France,	Mr. Thurmond.
Princess Catharine,	Mrs. Oldfield.
Harriet,	Mrs. Thurmond.
Charlot,	Mrs. Campbell.
Duke of Exeter,	Mr. Mills.
Duke of York,	Mr. Cory.
Lord Scroop,	Mr. Williams.
Duke of Bourbon,	Mr. Bridgewater.
Duke of Orleans,	Mr. Watson.
Earl of Cambridge,	Mr. Mills, jun.
Sir Thomas Grey,	Mr. Oates.
French Officer,	Mr. Roberts.

Guards, Attendants, &c.



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

THE inimitable *Shakespear*, about a hundred and thirty Years since, wrote a Play, on this Subject, and called it, *The Life of King Henry the Fifth*:——Mine is a *New Fabrick*, yet I built on *His* Foundation; and the Reader, I am afraid, will too easily, discover, without the Help of a Comparison, in what Places I am indebted to him.

The Success, which this Tragedy will meet with on the Stage, is a Matter of no Consequence: If it were otherwise, I should be sorry to have mistaken, so unseasonably, the Taste of the *Fashionable*! There is a Kind of *Dumb Drama*! a new and wonderful Discovery! that places the *Wit* in the *Heels*! and the Experience of Both our Theatres might have taught any Writer, but so dull a one as I am, that the *Harlequins* are Gentlemen, of better Interest than the *Harrys*.

The Masters of the Stage act like very discreet Judges; in falling in with a Humour, which they could not have opposed but to their Disadvantage. What have *They* to do with *Reason*, to whom *Folly* is most profitable?——To fail with Wind and Tide is safest, and most easy: Nor is it any Part of their Business, to stem the Current of the Times; and be *Wise*, with Empty Boxes.

No *French Tricks*, however, in the Days of *my* Hero, were able to stand before him: Fortune favoured him, *then*, against incredible Odds! and who knows, (if

P R E F A C E.

the Ladies will forgive me the Presumption of comparing *Small Things* with *Great*) but he may, now, become a Match, even for *Eunuchs*, and *Merry-Andrews*!

Yet the Victory, at *Agincourt*, was an Action not more wonderful! And it is, I fear, become impossible, since I have, imprudently, neglected to list those Squadrons of *light-arm'd Forces*, which have so often won the Day, for Our *Leaders*, in modern Poetry.

How poor a Thing is *Fame*, when so wretchedly caball'd for! It is hard to distinguish, which is strangest, and most ridiculous; the Noise and Violence of such Applause, in its first breaking out; or the Suddenness, with which it flattens and leaves the Monsters aground! like that straggling shoal of *Whales*, which the sea has, lately, lifted into the meadows of *Hamborough*.

After ail, I am sanguine enough to hope, that a Taste for *Tragedy* may be restored:—Yet, who would not despair of it, when it is deserted by those Great Spirits, whose past Actions must adorn it!—When a Name may be read in the List of *Opera Directors*, which will furnish the Poets, of Ages, yet to come, with as wonderful a Character! and with Conquests gain'd as nobly, over the *French* and *Spanish* Arms, as any of the *Edwards*, or the *Henrys*, have left us, by the most glorious of their ancient Victories!

But, in all Events, I will be Easy, who have no better Reasons to wish well to Poetry, than my Love for a *Mistress*, I shall never be married to: For, whenever I grow *ambitious*, I shall wish to build higher; and owe my *Memory* to some Occasion of more Importance, than my *Writings*.

December 5,
1723.

A. HILL.

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PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. WILKS.

FROM Wit's old Ruins, shadow'd o'er with Bays,
We draw some rich Remains of Shakespear's Praise.
Shakespear!—the Sound bids charm'd Attention wake:
And our aw'd Scenes, with conscious Rev'rence, Shake!
Arduous the Task, to mix with Shakespear's Muse!
Rash Game! where All who play are sure to lose.
Yet——what our Author cou'd, he dar'd to try:
And kept the fiery Pillar in his Eye.
Led by such Light, as wou'd not let him stray,
He pick'd-out Stars from Shakespear's milky Way.

And in the Cloud of Battle, Shakespear's Care,
Blind with the Dust of War, o'erlook'd the Fair:
Fond of their Fame, we shew their Influence here,
And place 'em twinkling through War's smoky Sphere.
Without their Aid, we lose Love's quick'ning Charms;
And sullen Virtue mopes in steril Arms.
Now, rightly mix'd, th' enliven'd Passions move:
Love softens War,——and War invig'rates Love.

Ob!——cry'd that tow'ring Genius of the Stage,
When, first, His Henry charm'd a former Age:
“Ob! for a Muse of Fire, our Cause to friend,
“That might Invention's brightest Heav'n ascend!
“That, for a Stage, a Kingdom might be seen!
“Princes to act, grac'd with their native Mien:
“And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene!
“Then, like Himself, should warlike Harry rise;
“And, fir'd with all his Fame, blaze in your Eyes!
“Crouch'd at his Heels, and, like fierce Hounds, leas'd in,
“Sword, Fire, and Famine, with impatient Grin!

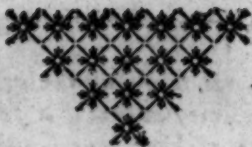
PROLOGUE.

" *Shou'd, fawning dreadful! but for Orders stay;*
 " *And, at his Nod,—start, horrible! away.*

No barren Tale t' amuse, our Scene imparts:
But points Example at your kindling Hearts.
Mark, in their Dauphin, to our King oppos'd,
The different Genius of the Realms disclos'd:
**There, the French Levity—vain,—boastful,—loud:*
Dancing in Death,—gay, wanton, fierce, and proud.
Here, with a silent Fire, a temper'd Heat!
Calmly resolv'd, our English Bosoms beat.

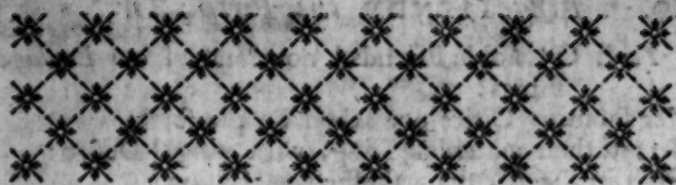
Art is too poor to raise the Dead, 'tis true:
But Nature does it, by their Worth, in You!
Your Blood, that warm'd their Veins, still flows the same,
Still feeds your Valour, and supports their Fame.

Oh! let it waste no more in Civil Farr:
But flow, for glorious Fame, in Foreign War,



King

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King HENRY *the Fifth* :

OR, THE

Conquest of France by the English.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The English Camp before Harfleur.

A Chair of State.

Enter Exeter, York, Cambridge, Scroop, Grey.

E X E T E R.

OW, *France*, stand firm—See! where
Great *Henry's* Hand,
N With thundering Summons, shakes the
Gate of *Harfleur*,
And rising War dawns horrible upon
Thee!

Camb. Dreadfully footed on thy boast-
ful Shore,

We feel thy trembling Genius bend beneath Us.

Scroop. Now all the Youth of *England* are on Fire,
And filken Dalliance sleeps in dusty Wardrobes;
Now, thrive the Armourers; and Honour's Flame
Burns in the beating Breast of each rous'd Soldier.

Gray. Ev'n the slow Rustick, fir'd by fierce Example,
To buy the Horse, now sells the slighted Pasture.

A 5

York.

King

10 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

York. O! noble Friends! now! now! our *England* shines!

Her shouting Cities pour their People forth,
To aid their matchless King, with wing'd Desire:
High in the Air sits wakeful Expectation!
And covers a drawn Sword with Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Henry*, and his glorious Followers.

Scroop. The *French*, alarm'd at our so swift Invasion,
Shake in their Fears; and, with pale Policy,
Seek to divert our threatening Purposes!

Encourag'd too, perhaps, by past Success,
They hope to find some hollow Breast among Us:

O *England*! Model to thy inward Greatness!

Thou little Body with a mighty Heart!

What might'st thou not attain, that Honour wishes,

Were all thy Children kind, and natural!

Were all thy Subjects worthy their great King!

Gray. The Courses of our glorious Master's Youth
Promis'd not this ———

Camb. The Joy that's least expected blesses double.

Exe. The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,

But Wildness, mortify'd in Him, dy'd too;

Sudden, and bright, in that one dazzling Moment,

Consideration, like an Angel, came,

And stript th' offending Darkness from his Soul;

Never was such a sudden Scholar made;

Never came Reformation in a Flood,

With such an heady Current, as in Him!

York. Hear him but reason in Divinity,

And, All admiring, with a ravish'd Zeal,

The pious Audience with their King a Prelate!

If he unravel the thick Web of Policy,

The wond'ring Statesman speaks his Praise in Blushes:

If He but talk of War, the List'ners hear

A Battle's Terror, in the Charms of Musick;

Soon as He speaks, the hurried Air grows calm,

And dumb Amazement dwells on ev'ry Ear!

Exe. How wond'rous was the Progress of these
Virtues!

Scr. So grows the Strawberry beneath the Nettle,

And wholesome Berries thrive, and ripen best,

Neighbourhood by Fruit of baser Quality:

Thus

Thus our wise King, obscuring Contemplation
Under the borrow'd Veil of youthful Wildness,
Grew, like the Summer-Grass, fastest by Night.

Camb. What Answer, think ye, will the King return
To this *French* Embassy? the proffer'd Princess
Wou'd hardly fail to stem the Tide of War,
Wou'd they, with her, give up some Provinces;
But that vain Cavil of their *Salic* Law,
He frown'd on, as 'twas urg'd!

Exe. He hears all gravely,
And, now retir'd, as is his constant Custom,
In private, weighs their Words, and suits his Answer:
See, where he comes, and smiles with awful Goodness!
Omnes. Health to your Majesty.

Enter King Henry, and fits.

K. Hen. Uncle of *Exeter*! and faithful *York*!
And You, Lord *Scroop*! *Cambridge*, and *Gray*! try'd
Friends!

In whom a King may safely lodge Dependence!
Concerning this new Plea, so warmly urg'd
By these Ambassadors; we pray You, tell Us,
Why that fond *Salic* Law, they have in *France*,
Or shou'd, or shou'd not, bar our Right of Claim?
Be careful how You wrest, or bend, the Truth;
Speak cautiously, and give us well-weigh'd Counsel.

Exe. Clear is Your Title, as the Sun, dread Sovereign!
There is no seeming Spot to dim your Claim;
For while they vainly plead this *Salic* Law,
To bar your Race from urging female Right,
Unmindful, that their own three Royal Races,
All, from the Female, drew th' imperial Sway,
They hide them in a Net, to wrong Your Title.

K. Hen. What says th' experienc'd Duke of *York* to
this?

York. A Truth so known can leave no Room for
Doubt;

Fold not your bloody Ensigns, mighty Leader!
Look back on your most fam'd of famous Ancestors,
Who firm'd this envy'd Claim, you now pursue;
And here, in *France*, o'erthrew all *France's* Power!
Whilst his pleas'd Father, on a neighb'ring Hill,

Hemm'd

Thus

12 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Hemm'd with unbused Squadrons, looking on,
Stood smiling, conscious of the Worth, he gave.

K. Hen. Call in the *French* Ambassador; for, now
We stand confirm'd yet more,—and, by Heav'n's Help,
And Yours, the noble Sinews of our Power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it into Pieces;

Enter the Duke of Bourbon, attended by French Officers.

Not to answer

The weak Objections, you have urg'd to-day,
We would be glad to hear that other Message,
From our good Cousin *Dauphin*—He, we're told,
Has sent us rugged Greeting; pray ye speak it.

Bour. Please it Your Majesty to give me leave,
Freely to render what he gave in Charge?
Or shall I, sparingly, shew you, far off,
The *Dauphin's* Meaning, soften'd o'er with Shadings?

K. Hen. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Our Passions are the Subjects of our Reason:
Therefore with an uncurb'd, and vigorous Plainness,
Speak out the *Dauphin's* Meaning.

Bourb. Thus then in brief:
Your Majesty, invading *France*, in Claim
Of certain Dukedoms, which you call your Right,
By your great Predecessor, the Third *Edward*;
In Answer to this Hope, our Prince, the *Dauphin*,
Says, that your Aim favours too much of Youth,
And bids you be advis'd:—There's Nought in *France*,
That with a nimble Galliard can be won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms, here!
He therefore sends you, suited to your Spirit,
A Tun of Treasure, and in lieu thereof,
He begs you let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you—This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Hen. What Treasure, Uncle?

Exe. Tennis-Balls, my Liege!

K. Hen. We are glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with
us,

And that he feels his Country's Woe so lightly:
We'll furnish fitter Balls ere long, than these,
And, if he stands his Challenge, play a Sett,

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Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard :
He with mistaken Insult wrongs our Nature,
Who, by our wild Days past, would judge the present :
I have, 'tis true, in *England*, slept too long,
And, with a Spendthrift's Rashness, wasted Fame ;
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Look like a King, and spread my Sails of *Greatness*,
When I have rous'd me in my throne of *France*.

[*King rises.*]

Your pleasant Prince will mourn this vain Reproach,
When his proud Soul, charg'd with its rising Vengeance ;
Shall answer to the Widows, and the Orphans,
Whose Husbands, and whose Fathers, falling Towers
Shall bury quick beneath their batter'd Ruins ;
So get ye hence in Peace——Give 'em safe Conduct.

[*Exit Duke of Bourbon.*]

Now, gallant Friends! the Soul of *England* smiles ;
O! glorious *York*! Old as thou art, and drooping,
Thy sleepy Spirits, rous'd by our Country's Honour,
Start into Force, and snatch at future Action.

Enter an Officer from the Town attended by French Soldiers.

Offic. The Citizens of *Havfleur*, much distress'd,
'Twixt Loyalty and Danger, greet your Majesty.

K. Hen. How yet resolve they? As I am a Soldier,
A Name, that, in my Thoughts, becomes me best,
If I am forc'd to finish but yon Battery,
I'll bury your rash City in her Ashes ;
The Gates of Mercy shall be shut against Ye,
And the flesh'd Soldier, rough, and hard of Heart,
In Liberty of bloody Hand, shall range,
With Conscience wide as Hell :——What is't to Me,
If then blind War, when you yourselves are Cause,
Match his foul Actions to his smear'd Complexion !
If your lov'd Infants shall be mow'd like Grass,
And your pure Virgins meet hot Violation ;
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
When, down the Hill he drives his fierce Career ?
Therefore, while yet the cool and temperate Breeze
Of Conduct overblows these Clouds of Rapine,
Take Pity of your Town, and spare your People.

Offic.

14 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Offic. Their Expectation has this Day an End ;
The *Dauphin*, whom for Succour they intreated,
Returns 'em, that his Powers are not yet ready ;
Therefore, Great King! they yield to your hop'd Mercy ;
Enter their Gates, dispose of them and Theirs.

K. Hen. Stay, *Scroop*, and hold our Forces fit for Motion.

[*Exit, with the French and English Soldiers.*

King Henry, Exeter, York.

Scr. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*!
It happens well, that we are thus together ;
Our Hope grows rich ! The *Dauphin* scruples nothing ;
The Million of bright Gold, which we demanded,
Whate'er we wish, is Ours, so *Henry* dies.

Camb. My Letters speak the same.

Gray. And mine ; But tell me,
Think ye not this too much ? This Death of *Henry* ?
There, Treason seems to wear too deep a Grain !

Camb. I could be better pleas'd, were that excus'd us.
Why should it not suffice, that our Intelligence,
Securely blasting all His fear'd Designs,
Prevents the threatned Ill, and saves their Kingdom ?

Scr. In Faith, my Friends ! these Doubts disgrace our Purpose.

The Man, who pauses in the Paths of Treason,
Halts on a Quicksand, the first Stop engulphs Him !
Why must I urge so oft your Wrongs by *Henry* ?
Have you not Both been Sufferers ?—You, Lord *Cam-*
bridge ?

Is not your Blood-wrong'd ? *York's* great House de-
thron'd ?

And your just Claim robb'd of a Crown, your Due ?

What is a Cause, if this can fail to move you ?

Sir *Thomas Gray* !—Why must I still remind you,

What vile Indignities this *Henry's* Hate

Has heap'd upon your Person !—He's my Friend !

My Bosom-Partner !—Yet, like *Roman Brutus*,

I sacrifice his Love to Peace, and Liberty.

Why look You pale then ? and grow sick with Horror ?

He, who betrays a Prince, He fears to kill,

Like some rash Madman, holds a Lion's Tail,

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While the check'd Beast turns back in Rage, and tears
Him:

Camb. More than the Thoughts of Death I hate
This *Henry*,

I hate his Name, his Race, his Interest, Person;
To you, Lord *Scroop*, I lend a daring Will,
Point out the Means, and lead me at your Pleasure.

Gray. I cannot love a Man, who loves not me;
Thrice have I mis'd a Suit, I stoop'd to kneel for,
And thrice seen Low-born Peasant Clowns supplant me;
Drudges in War! the brawny Works of Nature!
Sturdy-limb'd Russians, fam'd for Fist, and Football;
Broad-shoulder'd Rogues, strong-built to carry Armour,
The human-Sumpter-Mules of haughty *Harry*!
Fellows, whose Souls seem'd seated in their Stomachs!
The-Curse of Poverty involve my Fortune
If I forget the Scorn, till I've reveng'd it.

Scr. To Night, assembled in my Tent, we'll weigh
The fairest Means to reach the Point in View;
Meanwhile—a Secret This!—You Both remember
The lovely *Harriet*, my dead Brother's Daughter?

Gray. Alas! poor *Harriet*! she, too, owes much to
Henry!

The lawless Rover, ere his Father dy'd,
While the griev'd Nation rung with his Debauches,
Sullied your hapless Niece's Virgin Innocence.

Scr. But, tir'd, like some mean Prostitute, he left her;
On poor Pretence, that, by his Father's Death,
The Kingdom's Cares, reclining on his Breast,
Must banish Softness thence.—So turn'd her off
Disgraceful, with the cold Consideration
Of a vile Pension, which, had she accepted,
Had doubly punish'd Her in base Reward;
A sharp Memento, to remind her daily,
That even her Pride was owing to her Shame!

Camb. Something, like This, Report brought scat-
ter'd to Me;

I grieve to find it true—and hop'd it Slander;
Th' unhappy Lady, doubtless, feels much Woe.

Scr. No Woe, my Lord! the Blood of *Scroop* disdains it.
Her Soul, too strong for Grief, boasts nobler Passions;
Stung with the pointed Sense of Shame, and Scorn,

She

16 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

She labours with Revenge, and aids my Plottings;
Shading her Charms beneath a Boy's Appearance,
She baffles the keen Eye of watchful Policy,
And works out Wonders for the Cause we strive in:
Six Days are past, since I dispatch'd her hence
To the *French* Camp, whence I expect Her hourly,
With Notices of more than vulgar import:
My Lord, she comes—Perhaps 'twould be too sudden
At once to greet her with confess'd Detection;
Please you a Moment to retire, and leave me,
By gradual Preparation, to instruct Her,
How safely she may trust you with her Story.

Camb. The Caution is well weigh'd.

Gray. Pursue your Purpose.

[*Exeunt Cambridge and Gray.*]

Enter Harriet.

Scr. Welcome thou guardian Genius of thy Country!
Born to revenge thy own and all our Wrongs!
Welcome as Peace to *Scroop*, or War to *Henry*.

Har. O, Uncle! must this Man for ever flourish?
Harfleur, as I now pass'd, receiv'd him Conqueror:
How long will he escape the Woes, he gives!
When will he fall, and the wrong'd World have Justice?
But down, big Heart—to-morrow, from the *Dauphin*
Your Hopes, I think, will all find happy End.

Scr. Saw you this peerless Pride of *France*, this *Catherine*?

Our Camp is fill'd with Rumours of her Beauty.

Har. Beauty!—by Heaven, there's Meaning in
that Question,

And not in vain these *French* Ambassadors
Have urg'd the Match with *Catharine*—O! no sooner
They spread the Net, than caught the willing Prey!
This Traitor King, This Ruiner of Woman,
Fir'd with her Praise, grows mad to have Her His;
More to undo me, He would blast Himself;
To heap more Shame, more Mis'ry on my Head,
Wou'd meanly wed his Country's Enemy,
And lull a Wife to sleep with my curst Story.

Scr. Quiet the jealous Fiend, that starts within Thee,
And quell these furious Sallies of thy Soul.

There

There is some Reason in thy Fears, but none
In thy wild Transports.

Har. Reason?—I detest it—

'Tis that, which gives an Edge to all my Sufferings!

Am I not lost, disgrac'd, forsaken, scorn'd?

And owe I not this Ruin to my Love?

Has not the Man I doted on, destroy'd me?

He, for whose sake I had no Ear for Honour!

Has he not left me like a common Creature,

And *paid* me, like a Prostitute?—Death find Him!

Has he not offer'd me a saucy Pension,

Told out the Hire of Infamy? and judg'd

Wealth an Equivalent for my Undoing?

Has he not dar'd all This?—and does he now,

While my Disgrace is new, fresh blown, and flagrant,

Now, does he think to live, and wed another!

Calm? No—Let Cottage Fools, with helpless Sighs,

Bewail their ruin'd Innocence—My Soul,

Full charg'd with Hate, and Pride, breaks out in Passion,

Bold as my Wrongs, and dreadful as my Purpose.

Scr. At least be moderate, till —

Har. Touch me not —

For there's a Flame, that blazes round my Heart,

Will catch, and burn You up, like Fire-touch'd Flax:

Wou'd You be heard with Patience, teach my Fury,

Instruct my Wishes; Let me learn a Way,

To leave my outstript Will behind my Vengeance;

Teach me to hunt him thro' the Nights still Dreams;

To pinch his Soul with Woe, his Heart with Pain,

To rack his restless Thoughts with Discontent,

To wear away his Life in endless Agony,

And feast upon the Joy of his Destruction.

Scr. Retire, where less observ'd, I may convince Thee,

That this new-offer'd Match is yet an Embryo;

Is yet rejected, and, perhaps, dislik'd!

For I but doubt from some dark Words of *Henry's*,

What You, with wild Excess of Fear, confirming,

With needless Rage perplex your hurried Soul,

And drive th' unwilling Torment thro' your Bosom.

Har. And was it only Doubt then?—Pardon me,

In generous Pity of my lost Condition!

Who that is wrong'd like me, can sit down tamely,

And,

There

18 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

And, with dull Goodness, bless th' Undoer's Wishes ?
 You have forgiv'n me—but the barb'rous World
 Meet me with speaking Eyes, and silent Scorn ;
 The baleful Brow of each proud Girl upbraids me ;
 Where e'er I go, some new-born Anguish finds me ;
 And, when I strive to drown the hated Memory
 Of my past Guilt, some keen Reproach, unmeant,
 Strikes on the jarring String, untunes my Soul,
 And rouses the pale Image of my Shame :
 Heav'n ! must the Traitor Man pursue our Sex,
 With restless Artifice, and labour'd Vileness ;
 Hunt us thro' all the Wiles, and Turns of Caution,
 'Till tir'd with vain Defence, his Snares surround us ;
 And shall he then, when, pitying his feign'd Torments,
 We give him up our All—shall he *then* shun us ?
 With cold Disdain, or curst Indifference,
 Repay the Fierceness of a Flame he rais'd ?
 And shall we not revenge the Traitor's Falshood ?
 Religion never spoke it——Only Saints,
 And cool-soul'd Hermits, mortify'd with Care,
 And bent by Age and Palsies, whine out Maxims,
 Which their brisk Youth had blush'd at.

Scr. Gentle Harriet !

No more —— the Means are rip'ning for a Purpose,
 Which, once successful, will repay thy Sorrows
 Back on his Head, who caus'd them ;——Thou shalt
 have Means

To attend *Exeter* to the *French* Camp ;
 There, furthering our Intent, as I'll instruct Thee,
 Crown with'd Revenge, and disappoint this Marriage.

Har. O ! Uncle, you are wise, and shall conduct me ;
 Lost as I am, I dare beyond my Sex :
 Danger is scorn'd, when Life becomes a Burden ;
 And yet, my Soul, impartially severe,
 Say, what but thy own Weakness caus'd this Ruin ?

Cou'd Women be, at once, in Love, and wise,
 And drive the Tell-tale Softness from their Eyes ;
 Th' encourag'd Tempter cou'd not, then, betray,
 Aw'd by cold Looks, those Rubs in Passion's way ;
 Then All his Arts wou'd sooth our Sex in vain,
 Nor Hours of Bliss be paid with Years of Pain.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The French Camp.*

King of France, Dauphin, Duke of Orleans, as in Council.

FRENCH KING.

C OUSIN of *Orleans*, is their March confirm'd?
Orl. 'Tis certain they have pass'd the River
Soam,

And Fear may teach us, from our late Examples,
That we can never be too provident;
For *England* her Approaches makes, as fierce,
As Currents to the sucking of a Gulph.

Dau. That we so timely arm'd was well advis'd,
For Peace itself should never sleep so soundly,
Tho' no fear'd War or Quarrel were in Question,
But that Defence, and warlike Preparation,
Should, at due Distance, awe the Eye of Boldness:
The present Cause, however, gives no Fear,
For Hare-brain'd *England* is so idly King'd,
Her Sceptre so fantastically borne,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous, Youth,
That Danger dwells not in her Menaces.

Orl. I doubt, Prince *Dauphin*! we mistake this King;
Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,
With what grave State he heard, and answer'd them:
How well supply'd with noble Counsellors,
How cautious in Exception; but withal,
How terrible in constant Resolution!
And You shall find, his youthful Vanities
But cloth'd Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As skilful Gard'ners thickest earth the Plants,
Which shou'd first shoot, and rise most delicate.

Dau.

20 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Dau. Well! 'tis scarce so, my Lord of Orleans!
But let us think it so, it is no Matter!
In Causes of Defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he seems.

Fr. King. Be it as 'twill; think we King Harry
strong:

And Princes! look ye strongly arm to meet him;
The Kindred of him have been flesh'd upon us;
And He is bred out of that bloody Strain,
That haunted us in our familiar Paths:
Witness our much too memorable Shame,
When mangled *France* groan'd loud at *Cressy's* Field,
And Horror, circling thence, o'er-shadow'd All.

Enter Duke of Bourbon.

Bour. The Duke of *Exeter*, from *England's* King,
Asks Audience of Your Majesty.

Fr. King. Say, Cousin *Bourbon*, how near our Camp
they lie?

Bour. So near, that *Exeter* this Morning left 'em.

Fr. King. You see, this Chace is hotly follow'd,
Friends!

Dau. Turn Head, and stop Pursuit then—Coward
Dogs

Most spend their Mouths, when what they threaten runs
Farthest before them——Good my Sovereign!
Take up the *English* short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy You are the Head;
Self-Love was never half so vile a Sin,
As Self-neglecting:——If they be not fought withal,
Let us not live in *France*; Let us quit All,
And give our Vineyards to a barb'rous People.

Fr. King. 'Tis strange, methinks, that a few Sprays
of us,

Our Cyons on a wild and savage Stock,
Shou'd shoot thus suddenly into the Clouds,
And overtop their Grafters.

Bour. Bastard *Normans*!

Death to the Fame of *France*, if they march on,
And are not, met and fought, I'll sell my Dukedom.

Fr. King. Admit the Duke: We'll give him present
Audience.

[*Exit Bourbon.*

Dau.

Dau. Shame of Arms!

Hence is it that these *English* have their Mettle?
 Not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
 Does not the Sun, in Spite, look pale upon them?
 Can their boil'd Water, muddy Barley-Broth,
 Inspire their Blood with such a warlike Heat?
 And shall ours, spirited with Wine, be frosty?
 Oh! for the Honour of our blushing Country!
 Let us not hang like roping Ificles,
 Fix'd to our House's Thatch, while this cold People
 Sweat in our Sun, and fatten on our Shame.

Fr. King. Be not too rash—a Kingdom's Care requires
 Sedate Advice, and cool Resolves, in Danger.

Dau. Your Pardon, Royal Sir! by Faith, and Honour,
 Our Madams mock us, and, in plain Terms, say,
 Our Mettle is worn out; and that these *English*,
 Men of more promising, and active Mould,
 Must new-store *France* with bastard Warriors;
 They bid us to the *English* Dancing-schools,
 And teach *la Valse's* high, and swift *Curranto's*:
 For all our Grace, they say, is in our Heels,
 And that we are most lofty Runaways!

*Enter Duke of Exeter, conducted by Bourbon, attended
 by Harriet, and other English.*

Fr. King. What would our Brother of *England*?

Exe. He greets You, Sir;

And wills You to divest your borrow'd Glories;
 Namely the Crown, and all the wide-stretch'd Honours,
 Annex'd by Custom, and the Growth of Time,
 To the fam'd Throne of *France*, with all her Dukedom;
 And that you may not stile it an old Claim,
 From the dry Dust of dark Oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable Line;
 There, when you have o'erlook'd his Pedigree,
 From the Third *Edward* evenly deriv'd,
 He, from your Justice, hopes the Resignation
 Of your large Kingdom, indirectly held
 From Him, the Native, and True Challenger:
 This is His Claim, and here my Purpose ends,
 Unless the *Dauphin* be in Presence — To Him
 I bring a separate Greeting.

Dau.

Dau.

22 King HENRY the Fifth: Or,

Dau. For the *Dauphin*
I stand to answer;—What to him from *England*?

Exe. Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt, or any Thing
Which may not misbecome the mighty Sender;
If, by the Grant of all Demands at large,
You not atone your late presumptuous Insult,
He'll call You to so hot an Answer of it,
That *France* shall tremble for Her Prince's Folly.

Dau. Tell the too Proud Invader, that our Arms
Cou'd, at lost *Harfleur*'s Gate, have check'd his Rashness
But 'tis held wise to wait an Injury's Ripeness —
And then to bruise it—*Harry*'s a Man of Health,
But his poor Realm will sicken at this War,
And his Exchequer die of a Consumption,
Catch'd, in repaying *France* her little Losses.

Exe. There let it rest—our King in Person comes
Act as you speak, and he'll forgive you all.

Fr. King. We will in Council weigh th' important
Message,

And you shall be dispatch'd with fair Conditions.

[*Exeunt Omnes, but the Dauphin and Harry*
Dau. What new Discovery makes the friendly *Scream*
That brings my little *Hermes* back so suddenly?

Har. Great Prince, your *English* Friends commend
them to you:

The Gold, your Bounty's Pledge, they have received
And, with due Thanks accept the Princely Favour
Warmly inspir'd with Zeal for Peace, and You:
Their earnest Care is blest'd, by full Detection
Of a base Plot, to shake your Country's Quiet,
With the deceitful Hand of feign'd Accord.

Dau. Come to my Arms, thou more than manly Spirit
Dress'd in a Woman's Softness! why, Thou Charm
Thou Angel of a Traitor! what a Treasure
Of Honour and Reward does All *France* owe Thee
Say, my *Endymion*! my *Adonis*! tell me,
What wou'd thy Country do?—Can *Englishmen*
Be Plotters?—Policy, and They, of old,
Convers'd, like Strangers; Good, rough, honest
Meanings,

Plain Truths, and sturdy Blows, were what they dealt
If they turn Statesmen, 'twill, indeed, concern us.

Har. I am to urge your Highness's Consent,
That you wou'd hear my Message in the Presence
Of your illustrious Sister.

Dau. My Sister? Does it then concern the Marriage?

Har. It does surprisingly.

Dau. By Heaven, it pleases me; I'll bring Thee to Her.
[Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Princess's Pavilion.

The Princess, and Charlot.

Prin. No, no, my *Charlot*! I disdain the Motive;
Love is a Flame, too bright, too clear, to burn
As Interest bids it;—What imports it me,
That coward *France* can shake at sudden Danger?
What are my Father's Fears to my Affections?
Shall I, because this hot-brain'd King of *England*
Sweeps o'er our Land with War and Devastation,
Shall I, for That, grow fond of the Destroyer?
Smile at the Waste of his unpunish'd Insolence,
Throw myself Headlong into hostile Arms,
And sell my Peace of Mind, to save my Country?
Rather shall Death possess me, than this *Harry*.

Char. O! who can blame you for so just an Anger!
How could your Royal Father think such Ruin?
Such Blasts to nip your Joy?—what! crosses the Ocean,
To waste your lovely Youth in a cold Island,
Cloudy, and dull! cut off from all Mankind,
Stormy, and various, as the People's Temper!
While the wide Continent is fill'd with Kings,
Who court your Beauty, and wou'd die to please you.

Prin. Am I, because they call my Father Sovereign,
To be the Slave, the Property, of *France*?
Can nothing buy their Peace, but my Undoing?
How nobler were it to quell Rage with Fury!
In Arms to check the bold Invader's Pride,
Meet Storm with Storm, and buckle in a Whirlwind!
Then, if the dire Event swept me away,
My Ruin, though 'twere dreadful, would be glorious:
But to hold out a Proffer of my Person,
Poorly, and at a Distance! Hang me out,

Like

24 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Like a shook Flag of Truce!—oh! 'tis a Meanness!
That shames Ambition, and makes Pride look pale!
Where is the boasted Strength of Manhood now?
Sooner than stoop to This, were mine the Sceptre,
I wou'd turn *Amazon*;——My Softness hid
In glitt'ring Steel, and my plum'd Helmet nodding
With terrible Adornment, I wou'd meet
This *Henry* with a Flame more fierce than Love.

Enter Dauphin and Harriet.

Dau. How's this, my Sister? Fir'd with Rage, and
Menace?

What hapless Object has inspir'd this Transport?

Prin. The Kingdom, Brother; Is it then a Wonder,
That I, with due Disdain, receive the News,
That I am doom'd your Victim?

Dau. You have Reason,
'Tis on that Subject, I would gladly speak,
And wish your private Ear. [Exit Charlot.]

Prin. This gentle Youth,
Th' experienc'd Friend of *France*, brings some Discovery,
Which nearly touching your lov'd Interest, moves me
To hear th' important Message in your Presence.

Har. Oh! matchless Pattern of imperial Beauty!
That Heav'n, that gave you Charms, protects 'em
strongly:

Your Royal Father, the known Friend of Peace,
Still nobly anxious for his Country's Safety,
Sent a late Embassy, and offer'd *You*:
You, fam'd for Beauty! You, much more a Princess
By your distinguish'd Charms, than by your Birth.

Prin. 'Tis well, young Orator! Flatt'ry, I find,
Is of your Island's Growth; so warm a Vice
Cou'd not, I thought, have brook'd so raw a Climate.

Dau. On with thy Tale;——If Flatt'ry is a Sin,
Her Mercy has been taught to give it Pardon.

Har. I need not tell you, how our stubborn Monarch,
Safe in blind Distance, and a Stranger yet
To those all conqu'ring Eyes, refus'd the Offer;
Refus'd a Gem, whose countless Value, known,
Will make Refusal its own Punishment:

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Were, with severe Defiance, sent away,
Henry a sudden Council call'd together;
 In which, forgetful of his boasted Plainness,
 That open, honest, Heart, he would lay Claim to:
 He told his Lords, and gain'd their joint Concurrence,
 That, when advanc'd still farther into *France*,
 When Fire and Sword should spread his Fame before
 Him,

Means would be found to close with courted Peace,
 And wed the Princess with improv'd Conditions;
 'Tis true, he cry'd, I hate Her, for her Race,
 But what has Love to do in Prince's Weddings?
 The Match will serve to lull their Arms asleep;
 And, when that fair Occasion smiles upon me,
 I'll seize th' unguarded Kingdom ———

Dau. Why, 'tis well!

Forewarn'd by this Intelligence, we'll match Him
 With Treasons, which become a Man's Designing:
 He weaves the Web too coarse; not every Will
 Is fram'd for Mischief — Policy requires
 Spirit, and Thought! mere Blood and Bone can't
 reach it.

Prin. You, Brother, may content yourself with That;
 But I not brook so well the Shame design'd me;
 I am, on Both Sides, then, the Toy of State!
 One King's Condition, and the other's Engine!
 The Tool, which *Harry's* Treason is to work with!
 Whence shall I borrow Rage to speak my Anger?
 O! aid me, all ye Stings of Indignation!
 Lend me thy Gall, thou bitter-hearted Jealousy!
 And ev'ry Fury, that can *lash*, assist me!
 What will my Peaceful Father say to this?
 Yes! He has chosen nobly for his Daughter!
Charles has a gen'rous Son-in-Law in *Harry*!
 O *France*! what lazy Frost has chill'd your Blood?
 Where is that Pride of Arms, that boasted Courage,
 Which your vain Tongues are swell'd with? ———

Where's the Soul,

That, in the warlike *Gauls*, your glorious Ancestors!
 Shook the proud World, and sham'd the *Roman Cæsars*?
 If there remains the Shadow of past Glory,
 If any Spark yet glimmers in your Breasts,

26 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Of your once furious Fire, Go, down upon Him;
Scatter his Army, like the Wind-driven Sands,
Seize him alive, and bring him me a Prisoner.

Dau. Prithee, no more of this vain, Woman's, Raving;
What we can do, we will:—But, for the Marriage;
Spite of this new-giv'n Argument, I fear,
My Father's Love of Peace will force it forward.

Prin. Sooner shall the two Kingdoms join their Cliffs,
And, rushing with a sudden Bound, together,
Dash the dividing Sea, to wash the Clouds.

Har. What I have said, your Highnesses will hold
As a fair Proof, however else unwelcome,
That you have watchful Agents;—well they know
The faithless *Henry's* Love of Change, and Roving;
And, when they thought, with Pity, on the Crowds,
The countless Crowds of Beauties, He has ruin'd,
Then scorn'd, and left for new ones, they grew sad,
And, sighing, told each other, 'twere a Shame,
The lovely Princess shou'd be match'd so ill!

Enter Duke of Bourbon.

Bour. Prince *Dauphin!* our Designs miscarry widely;
Your needful Presence, only, can support us:
The King, hemm'd in with cringing Parasites,
Debates, what Answer should be sent to *Henry*:
And seems determin'd to propose an Interview
With *England's* King, a shameful Interview!
To urge this Match!

Har. O, Madam, strive to cross it;
Or you are lost for ever!—*Henry's* Eye,
Shou'd he once see You, will reform his Will,
And he'll forego the Crown to conquer You.

Dau. Tarry, till I return, with swift Instruction,
What Answer you shall bear our *English* Friends.

[*Exeunt Dauphin and Bourbon.*]

Prin. —What! and no more, than so? gone thus,
and left me

Distracted, unassur'd, and torn with Terrors?
O! perish all the wily Aims of Policy!
These Statesmens Craft confounds the tortur'd World:
And Truth, and Innocence, are hunted by them.
O! hard Condition ours! twin-born with Greatness!

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And bitter Penitence, and conscious Guilt,
Became the gnawing Vultures of her Bosom;
The treach'rous Prince no longer vow'd a Passion,
But basely shun'd the Wretchedness he caus'd.

Prin. See if the tender Creature does not weep!
Alas! thy mournful Story fills my Heart
With Grief, almost as pow'rful as thy own;
Trust me, 'twas base in *Henry*, thus to leave Her.

Har. O Princess! He's a general, known Deceiver!
Far may your Fate divide you from his Wiles!
I could swell Time, and wear away the Sun,
In dismal Stories of his perjur'd Loves.

Re-enter the Dauphin.

Dau. Curses unnumber'd blast the cank'ry Breath
Of yon vile Sycophants!——I came too late;
The mean Resolve was past;—My Arts prevail'd not:
The two Kings meet, and all my Hopes are Air.

Har. Something must be resolv'd, that may prevent
This dang'rous Treaty, or you're lost for ever.

Dau. Fear not, I'll manage All to our Advantage;
But let us waste no Moments;——Here, within,
I will instruct you further in my Purpose.

Now Fortune aid me, and inspire my Soul
With Force, these peaceful Counsels to controul;
Meekness, tho' wise, sits tott'ring on a Throne;
And suff'ring Kingdoms King's false Steps atone:
In me let *France* her ancient Fire resume,
Or crush me nobly in my Country's Doom.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, A French Pavilion.

Princess, and Charlot.

PRINCESS.

O, Charlot! how will this new Trial shake me!
 What shall I do to arm my threaten'd Mind
 Against th' Assaults of Madness?—Tyrant Duty!
 Why are thy Laws so binding?—If Obedience
 Must thus be blind, then, sure! Command shou'd see
 With Eagle-Ey'd Discernment!—Unkingly Father!
 As if, to offer me, were Shame too gentle;
 Curse on the blushful Thought!—I'll go to meet him!
 Meanly obtrude myself upon his Scorn,
 And hear the Bargain of my Price debated!
 Is this to be a Princess? Perish Pride!
 Oh let my base Example teach the Humble,
 How happy 'tis to stand below Ambition.

Char. Were my poor Counsel worthy your Attention,
 There's yet a Way, perhaps, to move the King;
 His Tenderness is equal to his Fear,
 And may be mov'd to counterpoise Your Danger:
 Disclose, with speaking Tears, the fatal Secret;
 Tell him, how All Your Heart, already fill'd,
 Has Room for no new Comer.

Prin. Art thou mad?
 That were a dreadful Means to wound me deeper:
 The Pride of State would then new-fire his Anger,
 And I, by Force, driv'n on, to wed this Monster,
 This fighting Dæmon in the Dress of Royalty!
 Should lose all Hope once more to see the Stranger,
 The lov'ly, unknown, Conqu'ror!—whose Addresses,
 Whose, not to be describ'd, un-nam'd, Perfections,

Twelve long Months since first charm'd my list'ning Soul'
Spite of unequal Birth, to wish him mine,
And even tho' hated *England* gave him Being.

Char. There I have something new to warm Your
Hope with:

Led, by kind Chance, among the shining Train
Of *English* Youth, who came with *Exeter*,
Occasion gave me Scope to form some Questions,
Which past as an unmeaning Love of Novelty:
I ask'd what Cavalier, some twelve Months since,
Glitt'ring with Gems, outshone by his Behaviour,
Came with the Earl of *Westmoreland* to France;
Was call'd his Nephew, thrice appear'd at Court,
Then vanish'd, on Pretence of further Travel:
By this Description, All, at once, agreed,
That *Owen Tudor* was the Person meant;
And lavish'd Hours of Rhet'ric in his Praises.

Prin. Alas! did I not know all This before?
England boasts no such Charmer, but her *Tudor*!
This is not, what I hop'd, from thy Beginning.

Char. I further learnt, that *Tudor's* Birth is such,
As may intitle Him to Royal Love;
That fear'd Objection is of Force no longer,
When your great Father shall perceive your Flame,
Burning, undimn'd, for an Imperial Offspring,
Deriv'd from a long Line of *Britain's* Kings.

Prin. Ay! this indeed strikes Lustre thro' my Sorrows!
'There's Promise in this Hope—O! gentle *Charlot*!
Secret, as Death, conceal the dear Intelligence,
As a last Prop to my endanger'd Passion:
Now, will I boldly meet this Champion Lover!
This courtly Sir—who woos in War, and Thunder!

Enter Dauphin.

So, Brother, will the King consent to spare me?
Or must I stoop to see this shameful Interview?

Dau. You must excite Your Spirits to Your Aid,
And bid a bold Defiance to Your Blushes;
I've try'd all Arts, in vain, that Reason teaches.
Come!—I must guide You to the Lists of Love,
And You must teach Your Charms new Ways of
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The King will have Your Beauty take the Field,
And does not fear, he says, but You can conquer!—
Him, whom our Armies fly from, You must face.

Prin. Yes—I will go; but not, as He expects me,
I'll face this Foe of *France*; like *France's* Daughter!
The Woes of Ruin overtake those Reptiles,
Whose dronish Souls, bent under Age, or Fear,
Have thus misled their Master!——Yes, my Eyes
Shall dart keen Glances—but the Wounds, they give,
Shall be of Shame, not Love— [*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Dau. Hark! That shrill Trumpet's Notice summons Us!
Now, Sister! rouse your Gall; and loose those Storms,
Those restless Tempests, which, provok'd by Scorn,
Whirl, with impatient Rage, round Woman's Soul:
Fearless, defend the Freedom of your Choice,
And, with bold Innocence, assert your Hate:
I'll watch the rising Moments of Occasion,
And aid Your glorious Purpose, all I can.
Come—Let us dare the Brink of this rude Precipice,
Which, cutting off our Way, must stop our Journey,
Or, being bravely leapt, make Safety honourable. [*Ext.*]

SCENE *changes to a Barrier, on a Bridge,*
Trumpets from Both Sides.

Enter, on one Part, the French King, on the Bridge,
attended by the Dukes of Orleans, and Bourbon, &c.
below: — On the other Side of the Bridge, King
Henry, with the Dukes of Exeter, and York, Scroop,
Cambridge, and Gray, below:

[*The Kings Embrace over the Bar.*]

Fr. King. The Peace, we wish for, smile upon this
Meeting!

Health and the Joys of a long happy Life
To our lov'd Brother *England*!—Right glad we are
Thus to behold Your Face; blest'd be the Issue
Of this good Day! that these contending Kingdoms,
England, and neighb'ring *France*! whose Chalky Shores
Look pale with Envy, at Each other's Happiness,
May, henceforth, cease their Hate, and plant Accord!

32 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

'Till War no more advance her bleeding Sword,
To prey on Strife between them!

K. Henry. To This, Amen!

Fr. King. Since we thus meet You, let it not disgrace
me,

If I demand th' Impediment, why Peace,
Dear Nurse of Arts! shou'd not in this best Garden
Of the fair World, lift up her lovely Visage?
Too plain, alas! the Marks of her short Absence!
Our Vine, the merry Chearer of the Heart,
Withers unprun'd;—Our Hedges, shooting wild,
Like careless Pris'ners, overgrown with Hair,
Thrust forth disorder'd Twigs; Darnel, and Hemlock,
Root on our fallow Lays, and, springing thick,
Beneath their Shade; hide the neglected Culter.

K. Hen. Not for Delight in Blood have we thus far
Advanc'd our Standard in the Eye of *France*;
Our deep-laid Purpose boasts a nobler Meaning:
The Eye of Kings shou'd watch their People's Safety:
And Ill shou'd I discharge the Trust, Heav'n lends me,
If, sleeping o'er the Wrongs, You do my Country,
I not demanded back the Power, You hold,
And turn, with threat'ning Point, against our Bosom.

Fr. King. Of this, already, we have let You know
Our Thoughts, and Purpose;—It remains, to weigh,
If, by wide-diff'ring Means, we may not reach
The End, we jointly aim at?—Many Arrows
Come to one Mark: Far distant Rivers flow
Ten thousand Ways, yet meet in one main Sea!
How many Lines close in the Dial's Centre!
So, may our various Purposes, at last,
Meet, in one fix'd Resolve, and please us Both.

*Enter the Dauphin on the Bridge, leading the Princess
in a Veil, attended by Charlot.*

Our Son, the *Dauphin*, has, we hear, of late,
Fir'd with the first warm Flash of Provocation,
Return'd Defiance, with too fierce a Throw;
Young Blood will boil;—and You, so fam'd for Courage,
Will weigh that Error light;—Receive Him, Brother,
As one, who wishes Peace, and seeks Your Love.

[*Presenting the Dauphin.*
Daup.

Dau. Sir! Kings, and Fathers, claim a double Right.

[*To King Henry.*

To tax our Duty; and *will* be obey'd;
I wou'd have met you with a warmer Grasp,
Had *France* been held by me; but since His Will,
Who governs mine, holds back the Edge of War,
And wou'd reach Peace, by Roads less sharp, and rugged,
I greet your Royal Presence; and submit
To Measures, which I cannot, yet, approve.

K. Hen. Approve is mine—I'm yet your Debtor, Sir,
But purpose to repay the Favour soon;
The Time is near, when you, perchance, may feel,
That wise Defiance should be arm'd with Safety,
And Fierceness, wanting Strength, but gnaws herself.

Dau. When that wish'd Time——

Fr. King. Our Son, reply no more;
Daughter! Your Hand.

Prin. Your Pardon, Royal Sir! if I offend,
Or seem to wrong the Promise of my Duty!
I came in forc'd Obedience to Your Will,
To attend this Interview;—But if your Majesty
Permits me to declare my secret Thoughts
Of *England's* King, our public Enemy;
Then let that Duty which I owe my Country,
Inspire me to confess, what fix'd Aversion,
What rooted Hatred, Nature bids me bear
To Him, of all Mankind, the most abhorr'd;
Who brings Destruction on to mark his Way,
And woos the Daughter, with the Father's Ruin.

Dau. Bravely declar'd, thou Sister of my Soul. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Sorry we ought to be, that War's Offences
Have made the Fair our Foe:—You are an Enemy,
Whom we, spite of your being such, can fear!

Prin. Oh my high-beating Heart! 'tis *Tudor's* Voice!

K. Hen. In vain you shade Your Charms——That
lovely Face,

Hid, as it is, remains no Stranger to us;
We wear your Image, Lady! on our Heart.

Prin. 'Tis He!——'Tis *Tudor*!——O! amazing
Chance! [*Aside.*

Where slept my soul, that, at our first Approach,
It flew not forth to meet him?—Support me, *Charlot.*

Dau.

A sudden Mist dances before my Eyes.

O, *Charlot*! This is He! Whom we thought *Tudor*
[To *Charlot*.

Was Royal *Henry*! What a Chance is This?

Let me lean on Thee to devour his Accents,
And gaze him thro' at ev'ry Word He speaks!

K. Hen. Drawn by the soft Remembrance of your Charms,
Which, in my late-lost Father's Days, I saw,
When, at Your Court, I was a Guest unknown;
In Honour, Madam! of your hostile Beauty,
I stopt th' impetuous Progress of my Arms!

Rein'd in the Vigour of impatient War,
And wasted Fortune's Smiles to gain this Meeting:
If I, now, listen to the Voice of Peace,
Whence must it come, but from the Call of Love?
When You, fair Foe! shall try your wondrous Pow'r.
I cannot promise Fame, t' oppose Your Will:
The healing Sweetness of Your soft Command,
Spread o'er your rescued Land, might quiet War;
Might, like sweet Musick's Influence, still your Air;
Might bid loud Discord die away, before it,
And drown th' inspiring Trumpet's shrill Alarms.

Prin. Foe, as you are to *France*, there shines, methinks,
A kind of manly Merit in Your Meaning;
Something! I know not what, that Courage charms with,
Wakes my Discernment to admire your Worth,
And, spite of my Resentment, bids me greet You:
Bow to your Virtues, and confess Your Glory:
Cou'd my Desires incline Your Wills to Peace,
Th' unbrac'd Drum shou'd sleep, and the glad Trumpet
Fall its fierce Hoarseness, and inspire Delight;
All should be calm, and while th' unruff'd Kingdoms
Hush down the troubled Swell of dying Strife,
France shou'd no more, in her torn Bowels, feel
The strong Convulsions which she shakes with now.

Fr. King. Why, that's well said — So speaks the
Sex's Softness;

Your gentle Natures were not fram'd for Discord.

Dau. Sister! That Mist you talk'd of, has, I doubt,
Risen o'er Your Senses, and obscur'd Your Memory.
Sir! on my Knees, since your too gracious Nature

[To the French King.
Stands

Stands bent to Quiet, and o'ervalues Danger,
I beg Permission to unfold a Notice,
The welcome Import of whose smiling Promise
May rouse Your Royal Soul to change its Purpose.

Fr. King. Rise, and, with all just Freedom, speak
your Meaning.

Dau. Ev'n now, as I approach'd your Royal Presence,
Posts, from our several Camps, have brought Intelligence,
That these rash *English* are inclos'd betwixt us ;
Fully sixty-thousand *French*, this Night, surround 'em !
Yet, at this glorious Juncture, we submit
To lose in Treaty what is ours by Arms.

K. Hen. Enjoy, unenvy'd, that imagin'd Benefit :
Courage is poorly hous'd, that dwells in Number :
The Lion never counts the Herd about him,
Nor weighs how many Flocks he has to scatter :
My Followers scarce are more than one to six
Of Your incircling Swarms ;—Sickness has shrunk us,
And the enfeebled Few, whom I command,
Are now scarce better than as many *Frenchmen* ;
Yet, when we please to move, we shall come on,
'Tho' *France*, conjoin'd with such another Neighbour,
Stood in our Way ;—Now, ev'n this Night, we'll march !
Passage left free, 'tis well !——if 'tis disputed,
We shall your tawny Plains, with your hot Blood
Discolour.—Now, You know our State and Purpose.

Fr. King. Advantage cannot change my Love of
Peace,
And I yet offer the propos'd Conditions.

K. Hen. What in my Flow of Fortune I refus'd,
Can never in its Ebb deserve Acceptance.

Dau. *France* has but slept, proud King, tho' she seem'd
dead !

Now shall thy punish'd Folly shame thy Weakness ;
Now shalt thou praise our Patience ;——*England's*
Insolence

Shall bow beneath the Ransom of her Pride !
I cannot see what Chance can save Thee now ;
Thou art so near the Gulph, thou need'st must drive
'Till catch'd, whirl'd round, and swallow'd !—There-
fore, haste,

Remind thy Followers of a short Repentance,

That

36 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

That, from our vengeful Fields, their Souls ascending,
May make a peaceful and sedate Departure,
While their doom'd Bodies, mould'ring on our Plains,
Enrich our Harvests, and atone thy Mischief.

K. Hen. Madam! My Heart had Hopes, that Your
sweet Voice

Might, free from Interruption, have decided
The yet uncertain End of bloody War;
But This gay Prince, ambitious of Distinction,
Ill brooks, that any but himself should talk:
Sir!—It is well—Your Words are full of Fire!
Take heed, the dusty Field choak not the Blaze:
My surly Soldiers cannot threaten thus;
Their speaking Actions keep their Valour silent,
And when their Swords find Work, their Tongues are idle;
But for their Bodies, many shall, no doubt,
Find Native Graves; and Monuments, on which
Witness of this Day's Work shall live in Brass:
For those, who leave their scatter'd Bones in *France*,
Dying like Men, tho' bury'd on your Dunghills,
Ev'n there, your Sun shall greet them with his Beams,
And draw their reeking Honours up to Heav'n:
But I grow proud;—This Air of *France* infects me:
And I am swell'd with your contagious Vanity!
No more—when next we meet, our Swords shall argue.

Fr. King. Why then 'tis War! ———

Dau. 'Tis Glory and Revenge!

*[Exeunt severally the Kings, followed by the English
and French Parties.]*

Princess and Charlot come forward on the Stage.

Prin. Now! what can Flatt'ry find to give me Comfort?
Where are my Prospects now? Did ever Fortune
Thus send Discovery in a Flash of Hope!
Just to shew Joy, then leave it lost in Darkness!

Char. How happy had your Highness now been
made,

Cou'd you have known, that All you wish'd was *Henry*!

Prin. Tormentor! So they paint the punish'd Fiends,
Stung by an envy'd View of distant Heaven!
Now is War's raging Tide again broke in,
And all my Hopes are swept away before it:

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O, cruel! Tantalizing! Curse of Fortune!
In high-try'd Malice just to shew him to me!
Just to convince me what a Bliss 'twou'd be,
'To have him mine; then drag him ever from me!
Heaven! — How he talk'd! — His Words, like
Summer Breezes,

Ruffled, and fann'd at once my glowing Soul:
O! what a Scorn of Danger grac'd his Eyes!
What wanton Gayness sparkled in His Smiles,
And made even Terror charming! Then his Courage!
With what a clear and equal Fire it blaz'd!

Not blown about, or spread, by Blasts of Anger:
How manly, yet how tender, was his Love!

O! I shall die with Shame of my own Folly;
Who ever labour'd thus to be undone,

And courted her own Misery? who knows,
If the two Armies join, whether his Breast

May not be gor'd by some ill-guided Spear?
And his Blood pay the Price of my mistaking!

It is too much! O *Charlot*! I am mad!

I cannot bear the Thought! Horror distracts me!

Char. Lord *Scroop*'s young Messenger not yet has left
Our Camp, but waits some Letters from the *Dauphin*;
Perhaps, if he were trusted with your Wishes,
He might propose some Means —

Prin. Ha! — say no more —

For thou hast started something in my Soul,
That bears a Form too dreadful for Description.

The Letters, which my Brother sends, are meant
To bring on Treason, and inhuman Murder!

The Death of *Henry* was propos'd from *England*,
And who can answer for my Brother's Hate?

Crush the false Traitors, All-avenging Heav'n!

But Heav'n is slow to punish — Let me think —

Why may not I? — I must — I will prevent it —

Agès to come, when they shall hear the Fame

Of my just Act, shall bless my living Name;

What tho' his Arms my Country's Peace oppose?

All who hate Treason, and strike gen'rous Blows,

Shall praise this Deed, which I to Honour owe;

And, in the Lover's Cause, forget the Foe.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The English Pavilion.*

King Henry, and Duke of Exeter.

K. HENRY.

FROM the *French Camp*? to speak with me in private!

What can it mean?—and talks of Traitors, said you?

Exe. Brought to my Tent, she earnestly assur'd me,
I cou'd not more contribute to your safety,
Than by procuring Her a private Audience.

K. Hen. Admit Her, Uncle. [*Exit Duke of Exeter.*]
A Woman Messenger from the *French Camp*!
There must be Myst'ry in't——My wakeful Soul
With sudden Hurry, beats the Alarm within me!
Were I inclin'd to superstitious Dreamings,
Or apt to build on Signs, or idle Omens,
There shou'd be Danger near me.—Welcome Lady?

Enter Charlot.

To what unusual Cause are we oblig'd
For your fair Greeting?

Char. If my trembling Lips
Can speak the Purpose of my beating Heart,
I, from the Princess *Catharine*, come to greet you;
Command a trusty Guard to follow me,
And I'll point out a discover'd Traitor;
But lose no Time——The Lords of *France*, who came
To guide me hither, Strangers to my Purpose,
Hold him, without, in unsuspected Conference:
Haste——lest he 'scape you, and your threaten'd Life
Be caught by sudden Danger!

K. Hen. Life! what Life!
Cool thy Impatience, gentle Lady! stay,
And temperately explain thy dark Intention.

Char.

Char. O! do not trifle with th' important Moments :
 Give me a Guard, and save yourself from Treason :
 The Princess gives you Life, and bids me tell you,
 We will not over-rate the gen'rous Merit ;
 But hopes, that thus disarming War's worst Meaning
 Entitles Her to claim the Thanks of Peace..
K. Hen. Uncle of *Exeter*!

Enter Exeter.

Exe. What wills my Liege ?

K. Hen. Call me a chosen Guard. [*Exit Exeter.*]

Char. One thing I had forgot ;

The Princess, fearful, for her Person's Safety,
 Claims Leave to pass your interposing Camp,
 And enter yon near Castle, *Agincourt* ;
 This was my only known and public Errand.

K. Hen. She shall have Royal, and illustrious
 Welcome ;

The Safety she bestows, she must command ;
 We judge the Occasion happy, and we hope,
 The noble-minded Princess, passing near,
 Will honour us with Licence to declare,
 What Thanks our Heart must owe Her ; for our Words
 Wou'd sully our Conceptions, and deceive Her !

Re-enter Exeter, with a Guard.

Go with this Lady, and observe Her Orders,
 And whom she points you out, seize and secure.

[*Exeunt Omnes, but the King.*]

My Soul, with keen Impatience, waits the Issue
 Of this strange Notice—Treason ?—'tis impossible !
 Whom has my short Reign wrong'd ?—what want a
 People,

Whom Wealth and Plenty smile upon at home,
 And whom, abroad, the Fame of Arms makes dreadful ?
 What wou'd Complaint have more ?—Ill-judging Vulgar !
 Were it not glorious to make Millions happy,
 Who that had Sense of Bliss, wou'd be a King !
 Th' unbusied Shepherd, stretch'd beneath the Hawthorn,
 His careless Limbs thrown out in wanton Ease,
 With thoughtless Gaze perusing the arch'd Heav'n's,
 And idly whistling, while His Sheep feed round him ;

Enjoys

Char.

40 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Enjoys a sweeter Shade, than That of Canopies,
Hem'd in with Cares, and shook by Storms of Treason.

Re-enter Exeter.

Now Uncle! what Discovery?

Exe. Near Your Pavilion stood some *French* of Figure;
And with them a fair *English* Youth, whom oft
I have observ'd, and wonder'd at his Beauty;
The Lady mark'd him out, then took her leave,
And as she left, we seiz'd him ———

K. Hen. Let him come in alone.

Exeter goes out, enter Harriet in Confusion.

A very Boy! ——— Treason in thee buds early!
Who art Thou? say ——— to whom thou dost belong?
Silent? — Nay, then there's Guilt! why art thou dumb?
Come farther this way ——— if thou shun'st the Light,
Thy Deeds have Darkness in them — Immortal Heav'n!
What is it, that I see? ——— Canst Thou be *Harriet*?

Har. Canst Thou be *Henry*, and alive to ask it?
O! 'tis with Justice, Fate, thus, overtakes me,
For having meanly linger'd in my Vengeance!
High Heav'n will reach Thee, Tyrant! tho' I cannot;
Since thy still fortunate Deceits protect Thee;
Since perjur'd Love does not alone upbraid Thee,
But thy Eternal Wiles win all alike,
And ev'n thy Foes grow treach'rous, and assist Thee.

K. Hen. But is it possible, that Thou conspir'st?
That Thou canst wish me dead?

Har. Insulting Tyrant!
Cool, frosty-hearted Monster! ——— Wish Thee dead?
Why, 'tis the only glorious Hope I live for!
Think on the Mis'ries, Thou hast wrung my Soul with;
The biting Shame, the never-dying Anguish!
Think on the guilty Arts, the Oaths, the Subtleties!
The endless, inexpressible Deceits!
The Wiles, and Perjuries, which have undone me!
Think on the feign'd Endearments; studied Graces!
False Smiles; enticing Raptures! labour'd Flatt'ries!
And all that nameless Train of silent Treach'ries
Which help'd thy tempting Tongue to make me
wretched!

Look

look back on all this dreadful Pile of Baseness,
And then, — Oh! Heav'n! — if then thou dar'st
look farther!

If frighted Mem'ry does not fly thy Soul;
Think, in the bitter Agonies of Conscience,
What follow'd all this Train of Preparation:
See me abandon'd to the Lash of Shame;
Turn'd out an Object for sharp-ey'd Derision,
By Friends forsaken, and disown'd by Kindred:
Wild, and distracted, with unconquer'd Sorrow!
Expos'd, to be the Mirth of wiser Hypocrites,
And stand the Scorn-Mark of the hooting World:
Death! — Thou Destroyer! think of This! and then,
In the cool Insolence of Pride, and Majesty,
Ask me again — if I can wish Thee dead?

K. Hen. 'Tis true, fair Murd'rer! I have greatly
wrong'd Thee!

And, yet, not I — but what I once was, wrong'd Thee:
'Tis a sad Theme, and Reason trembles at it:
Yet, what *can* be — all that weak Words can give Thee,
And Grief, and Penitence, and Shame, and Love,
All this, sit down, and hear, to calm thy Soul.

[Takes her Hand.

Har. Perish that treacherous Smoothness —
Unhand me, that my curdled Blood, all chill'd,
As at a Serpent's Sting, when thou com'st near me,
May flow in Freedom, and give Pow'r to curse Thee.

[Breaks from Him.

K. Hen. Have you not Prudence? Are you mad? —
Come hither!

I must, by gentle Force, compel thy Passion,
Since Reason cannot guide tempestuous Sorrow:
Calm thy loud Ravings — If thy Shame offends thee,
Why wou'dst thou thus proclaim it? Be wiser, Harriet!
The quick-car'd Camp will spread the Tell-tale Sorrow:
Nay, 'tis in vain to struggle; sit, and hear me.

[He forces her into a Chair, and sits down by her.
Sit, and be patient, while Repentance pleads,
And Love's soft Sympathy condoles thy Woe;
As yet, this Dress, and its too bloody Purpose
Conceal Thee, and thou may'st be still conceal'd.

Har. What wilt thou do? Why dost thou thus compel
me Helpless,

Look

Helpless, to listen to the Voice of Ruin?

[Snatches at his Sword,

Give me thy Sword——thy Words have lost all Pow'r
To give me Comfort?——Is that too deny'd me?
Then I must I hear Thee; hear thy base Upbraidings;
Friendless, and destitute of all Assistance,
Must sit, and tremble at my lost Condition:
Yet, Thou art guiltier far than I can be!
O! Thou wert born to pull down Misery on me. [Weeping.
And every Way to ruin and destroy me.

K. Hen. If, in this dreadful Conflict of thy Soul,
Distracted Judgment holds her ruffled Empire,
Listen, and mark what my sad Heart shall utter.
Fatal our Course of Passion!——Its Effect
Proves bitter——but the Cause was tend'rest Love!
Youth is unbridled, blind, and void of Fear,
Ever determin'd,——deaf to Consequence,
And rolling forward upon Pleasure's Byas:
All Youth is thus——but mine was worse than All!
Wild, and disorderly, beyond Example!
Why did not thy discerning Reason tell thee,
A Wretch, like me, deserv'd no Pity from thee!
How cou'd a Madman's Hurry weigh thy Worth?
But Thou wilt say, my Oaths and Vows deceiv'd thee!
Ascribe that Guilt to thy own Pow'r of Charming:
When the Blood boils, and Beauty fires the Soul,
What will the Tongue not swear?——Discretion then,
Does, with a Peacock's Feather, fan the Sun;
Yet, in the midst of all those wild Desires,
Which then divided my impatient Mind,
Thou wert the warmest Wish my Soul pursu'd!
My Love to thee, was permanent and strong;
Thy Beauties were my waking Theme; and Night
Grew charming by soft Dreams of thy Perfection.
Were I now what I was, when *Harriet* bless'd me,
Still were I Hers——My Love can never die!
And I think on thee, *Harriet*, with such Tenderness,
As dying Fathers bless their weeping Sons with:
And were I not a King, Thou still wert happy.

Har. Canst Thou, then, mourn the Sorrows thou
hast caus'd me?

Am I still lov'd?——I thought thou hadst despis'd me.

K. Hen.

Hen. St
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Har, Fo

Hen. Still I regard Thee, with the same Desires;
 with the same transporting Pleasure, on Thee,
 when our bounding Souls first flew together,
 mingled Raptures in consenting Softness.
 Kings must have no Wishes for Themselves!

are our People's Properties! Our Cares
 rise above our Passions! The public Eye
 'd mark no Fault on Monarch's; 'Tis contagious!
 I, to Death, had borne the dear Delight,
 blest in mutual Transport, still liv'd Thine!
 it not Guilt then, 'twas a dire Necessity!

what remains is tend'rest Penitence,
 wish'd Atonement.—For the first, my Soul

never-ceasing Anguish mourns thy Mis'ry:

were the last possible, my Love wou'd reach it;

where the Ill's incurable, how vain!

rack the Suff'rer with our useless Cordials!

what I cou'd do, was done; but thy Disdain

de frustrate all my Watchings o'er thy Fortune;

well, now ———

Har. Enough; O! Yet too lovely *Henry!*

making Heart oppress'd, 'twixt Joy and Pain,

can bear no longer the fierce Pangs it feels:

take, now—but bless me yet once more; say, *Henry!*

once Mine!—Dost thou, with Pity, think on *Harriet?*

K. Hen. Pity's too mean a Word to reach my Woe;

The Grief it gives me to behold thee thus,

can but be *felt!*—'Tis not in Language, *Harriet,*

to clothe its mighty Bulk with due Description.

Har. Take then these Letters, and be happy still.

[Gives him Letters.

They will bring Safety to thee; Canst thou pardon me?

thou'd have been consenting to thy Murder!

K. Hen. My sad Heart pardons thee, and hopes it
 from thee.

Har. Perhaps, when I go hence, we part for ever!

pardon me, therefore, if I gaze upon thee;

my Eyes may never more behold thy Face!

the chilling Call of Death has warn'd me from thee;

and I shall be at Peace, e'er long, and Happy.

K. Hen. O! let me kiss away that mournful Sound.

Har. Forbear—My Soul, too sad to soften more,

Shrinks

Shrinks from the fatal Folly!—much oblig'd
By this Forgiveness, which has bless'd my Ruin;
By that kind Pity, which you heal my Woes with;
I have but one Way left to thank your Goodness;
I have one new Discov'ry, yet to make You,

[Feeling in her Pa

Containing the last Secret of my Soul;
I did not think, so soon, to have disclos'd it:
But since, without it, you can ne'er be happy,
I send it, thus—— directed to my Heart.

[Draws a Dagger, and stabs her

K. Hen. Rash Girl! What hast thou done?—
of Exeter!

Help me! Who waits without? oh! help! support!

Enter Exeter, and York.

Harriet! the injur'd Harriet, dies!—O, Uncle!
Her catching Grasp, by Fits, strives hard to hold
Her straining Eyes half burst their wat'ry Balls!
Vainly they glare, to snatch a parting Look!
And Love, convulsive, shakes her struggling Bosom.
Care comes too late;—Her quiv'ring Lips grow pale
And frightened Beauty, loth to leave its Mansion,
Ebbs slow, with th' unwilling Blood, away:
O! see, the fatal Fruits of guilty Love!

Exe. The sudden Wonder so confounds my Thought
I know not what Advice to give your Grief:
Poor Harriet! was it Thee, I seiz'd for Treason?

York. Who waits there?—Gently take away this Bosom
Place it within, till you have further Orders;
The mournful Object will but feed his Sorrow.

[They carry off the Body

K. Henry opens, and reads the Letters.

K. Hen. O Uncles! Here is Treason will surprise You
Letters to some, most near us, from the Dauphin,
Concerning a large Sum of Gold, in Bribe,
For our intended Murder, when the French
Shou'd first join Battle with us.

Exe. Heav'n forbid!

That such false Traitors shou'd be near Your Person.

York. Have not the Villains Names?

K. H.

Hen. Would ye believe it? *Scroop!*

Lord *Scroop!* Your Bosom Favourite!

Sc. Is this possible?

Hen. Cambridge, and He, join'd with Sir Thomas Gray:

Letters lay all open: Their Delivery

the last Token of poor *Harriet's* Love:

false, and slipp'ry, are the Wills of Men?

Admit the Counsel;—we'll take instant Care

with this Treason; for the rest in Hand,

we, till to-morrow, all Debate.

Scroop, Cambridge and Gray, with others;

with the King, Exeter and York, sit down at

Table.

Hen. Surrounded, as we are, give us Your

Thoughts,

withful Friends! for, sure, none here have Cause

to us Evil?—Think ye, the Troops, we head,

but their Passage thro' th' opposing *Frenchmen*?

Sc. No doubt they will, if Each Man do his Best.

Hen. Can we doubt That?

Sc. There's not a single Heart in Your whole Army,

gives not full Consent to all your Wishes.

Sc. Never was Monarch more belov'd, and fear'd,

his Your Majesty—There's not, I think,

g Your happy Millions, one griev'd Subject.

Sc. The Men, who were your Father's Enemies,

steep'd their Gall in Honey; and obey You,

Hearts brimful of Duty, and of Zeal.

Hen. We judge no less—Uncle of *Exeter!*

the Man committed Yesterday,

smiling at our Person;—we consider,

Excess of Wine, that push'd him forward,

on more serious Thoughts, we pardon Him.

Your Majesty is rich in Clemency;

this a Princely Virtue!

Sc. Kings, not more

grow dreadful, than rever'd for Mercy.

Sc. Yet Mercy, sometimes, favours of Security;

punishment should be punish'd, lest Example

be by Forbearance.

Hen. Oh! let us still be merciful!

Camb.

46 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Camb. So may Your Majesty, yet punish, too.
Gray. You shew great Mercy, if this Fellow
 After due Taste of sharp Correction.

Ext. O! do not thus, with Cruelty's keen Breath
 Blow off, and scatter, the sweet Dew of Mercy;
 When, from the Heav'n of Pow'r, that soft Rain
 The thriving State looks fresh; Dominion prospers
 And parch'd Rebellion shuts her drowthy Gaping
 Mercy is the becoming Smile of Justice;
 This makes her lovely, as her Rigour dreadful;
 Either, alone, defective:—but when join'd,
 Like Clay and Water in the Potter's Hands,
 They mingle Influence, and together rise,
 In Forms, which neither, separate, cou'd bestow.

Scroop. Well has his noble Grace of *Exeter*
 Declaim'd on Mercy!—Mercy is a Topic,
 Copious and fair; but Men, who counsel Monarchs
 Must smile at naked Nature's moral Dreams,
 And, skill'd in manly Rigour, cast off Pity:
 Pity! that Waster of a Prince's Safety!
 What! shall a Villain Hind defy his King?
 Spurn at his Laws, and then cry—Help me, Madam!
 I wou'd have us'd my Sov'reign like a Slave,
 And, therefore, must have Mercy—Out upon't!
 'Tis the Priest's Rattle! Heav'n's Ambrosial Diet
 Too thin a Food for Mortals!—Men wou'd starve
 Mercy is soft, indeed, as his Grace says,
 And so is Rottenness in hoarded Fruit;
 Yet, is such Softness so far wide of adding
 To the Fruit's Value, that, if not cut off,
 It spreads Contagion, and o'er-runs the Sound.

Gray. Th'Advice is just, and I stand up to second it.

Camb. He cannot love the King, who counsels Murder.

K. Hen. My Lords! Your too warm Love and Zeal
 of me,

Are heavy Orisons against this Wretch:
 But, if small Faults, arising from Distemper,
 May not be wink'd at, how must we stretch our Eyes
 When capital, cool crimes, ripe and digested,
 Shall come before us;—We'll howe'er enlarge His Pardon
 Now, to our other Business—Our *French* Cares.
 We have thought fit to name three new Commissioners

what, the written Causes here will show :
Lord of *Cambridge*, there is one to you ?
his, *Scroop*, is yours ? This yours, Sir *Thomas Gray* !
read them and know, I know your Worthiness !

[*Gives them the Dauphin's Letters.*]

ook ! how they change ! Why, how now, Gentlemen ?
that find you in those Papers, that you thus
use your Complexions ?

Camb. Sir, I confess my Fault ; and 'twere in vain,
now, to deny what may be prov'd too plainly !

Gray. I, also, own my Guilt.

Scroop. We throw us on your Mercy.

K. Hen. Mercy ? ——— Dare Mercy's Foes lay claim
to Mercy ?

You must not dare, for shame, to think of Mercy !

Your own Advice turns short upon yourselves,

and worries you, as Dogs devour their Masters.

Why shou'd you reap a Good, you envy Others ?

See you, my noble Lords, these *English* Monsters !

My Lord of *Cambridge*, here ; you all remember,

how he has shar'd our Favour ;——yet this Man

was, for a worthless Sum of shameful Gold,

conspir'd to kill us, in the Cause of *France* !

He has this Knight, tho' no less bound to us,

by Acts of Grace, than *Cambridge*——But, Lord *Scroop* !

What shall I say to Thee ? Thou, who didst bear

the Key of all my Counsels ? Thou, who might'st

have coin'd my Crown out into Gold, to serve Thee !

Canst thou wish Death to *Henry* ?——Is it possible,

that foreign Hire can bribe my *Scroop* against me ?

That vile Dæmon, who seduc'd thee thus,

thou'd, with his Lion Gait, walk round the World,

he might return and say to his fellow Fiends !

I cannot, in my boundless Compass, find

one Soul so easy, as that *Englishman's* !

O ! how hast thou, with Jealousy, infected

the Confidence of Friendship ?——A Guard here instantly !

Enter a Guard.

Touching our Person seek we no Revenge ;

but we our Kingdom's Safety must so tender,

Whose Ruin you have sought, that to her Laws

We must deliver you——Go, bear e'm hence.

[*Exit*]

Ext. This, as an Earnest of Heav'n's Favour, promises
A glorious Issue of our noble Enterprize.

York. So black a Treason, strangely brought to light
Removes a dang'rous Rub, from England's Way.

[A Trumpet sounds]

Exeter, looking out.

The Princess, in her Way to Agincourt,
Enters your Royal Camp, and passes nigh.

Enter Princess, with Charlot and Attendants.

K. Hen. Instruct my Wishes, fair and gen'rous Enemy
What shall I do to thank you as I ought?

You have, in spite of Fortune, conquer'd me,
And I grow weak in Arms, as love grows stronger.

Prin. Tho' by the Duty which I owe my Country
I must perforce regard you as a Foe;

Yet cou'd I not permit such Worth to fall
By Treason, which by Arms I ought to wish
O'erthrown—but shou'd be glad to save, ev'n there.

K. Hen. From Honour's Lessons I have learnt
to know,

That He, whose Life you sav'd, shou'd live for you
I thought when, in your Father's Court, I first
Fed my devouring Eye with your Perfection;
I thought, fond Novice, and unlearn'd in Love!
I then felt Passion, which cou'd ne'er be heighten'd
But now, inflam'd by growing Admiration,
As I come nearer your amazing Excellence,
Dazzled with Lustre, I adore your Virtue,
Feel your whole Influence, and am lost in Love.

Prin. It pleases me, that You thus own my Favour
This noble Gratitude adorns your Nature;
I hope I shall not vainly put to Trial
This gen'rous Temper of your Royal Soul:
If I am half so dear to Henry's Wishes,
As his too flatt'ring Tongue has painted me,
He will not, cannot, then deny my Prayer:
Accept the Terms my Father lately offer'd,
And pay me back the Debt you owe my Care.

K. Hen. That were to prove unworthy your Regard

[Alarm of Drums, Trumpets, and Shouts]

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Enter Exeter.

Exe. The *French* advance, on ev'ry side, upon us,
spreading, like Mists, they cloud the neighb'ring Hills!
The *Dauphin* heads them; and they come determin'd,
to force us on a Battle.

Prin. Restless Brother!

Unhappy Accident! ——— O! Royal *Henry*!

How shall my Wishes speak, divided thus?

Kind Heav'n, at least, watch o'er thy noble Person!

And shield thee from the Danger of the Battle.

K. Hen. The Night comes on; and 'twere a braver Part,
To have their Courage witness'd by the Morning.

Madam! you see, I am not fond of Blood,

Your furious Brother throws himself upon me,

And if his Country bleeds, He gives the Wound;

Whate'er the doubtful Chance of War may be,

I bear such Memory of your Excellence,

As cannot die, but with me ——— Uncle of *Exeter*!

Be it your Care to see the Princess safe,

To *Agincourt's* near Castle ——— May you live

Long to adorn the World with your Perfections!

Prin. Farewell! and if we never more must meet,

Think 'tis our Fate, and not my Choice divides us.

[*Exeunt* Princess, Charlot, and *Exeter*.]

Enter Duke of York..

K. Hen. Who's that? ——— Good *York*.

York. *York*, on his aged Knees,

Most humbly begs, since the proud Foe comes on,

He may command your Vanguard.

K. Hen. Gallant *York*!

Take and enjoy with Glory thy brave Wish:

Night's sable Scene is now so closely drawn,

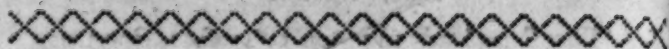
The Foe, however rash, must wait the Dawn;

Then Skill in Arms assist my lab'ring Brain,

And give that Conquest Valour scarce cou'd gain:

The Souls of Leaders must inspire their Bands,

For all War's Fate lies in the Gen'ral's Hands.



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, a large Champian, with the Castle of Agincourt at a Distance: on the one Side, the English Camp; on the other, the French.

Enter, on the French Side, the Dauphin, Orleans and Bourbon.

BOURBON.

NAY, never go about to dispute it; 'tis the best Armour in the World.

Orl. The Armour is excellent; but then rob not my Horse of his Due.

Dau. Will it never be Morning?—My Lords of Orleans and Bourbon! you talk of Horse and Armour; I'll not change my Horse for a Diadem—Cha-ha—Cha-ha—he bounds from the Earth as if his Entrails were Hares! he's the Horse of the Muses! the *Pegasus*!—with Nostrils of Fire! when I once get astride him, I soar! I'm a Hawk!—He trots thro' the Air; the Earth sings when he touches it, and the basest Horn of his Hoof is more musical than the Harp of *Apollo*.

Orl. He's of the Colour of a Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the Heat of the Ginger! 'Tis a Beast for a *Perseus*! pure Air, and Fire—The dull Elements of Water and Earth, never appear in him, but only in patient Stilness, while I mount him;—He is indeed a Horse, and all others of his Kind, you may call Jades.

Bour. Indeed, my Lord! it is a most absolute, and excellent Horse!

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Dau. He is the Prince of Palfreys; ———— His Neigh is, like the Bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. Well, but enough of him, Cousin!

Dau. Psha! ———— The Man has no Wit, who can't, from the rising of the Lark, to the Lodging of the Lamb, vary deserv'd Praises on my Palfrey! the Theme is as fluent as the Sea! Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse will be Argument for them All! ———— Will it never be Day? ———— I will trot him to-morrow, a Mile and a half, and my Way shall be pav'd with *English* Faces.

Orl. I wou'd it were Morning; for I wou'd fain be about the Ears of the *English*!

Bour. Who'll go to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Dau. Alas, poor *Harry*! He longs not for the Dawning, as we do! What a wretched, peevish, Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers, so far out of his Knowledge?

Orl. If the *English* had any Apprehension, they wou'd run away.

Bour. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Mastiffs!

Dau. Foolish Curs! ———— that run winking into the Mouth of a Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like a rotten Apple; you may e'en as well say, 'tis a valiant Flea, that dares breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Orl. Just! ———— Just! ———— and the Men, too, are much akin to the Mastiffs! ———— rough, and robust, in coming on; but they leave all their Wit with their Wives; ———— And then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron, and Steel, and they'll eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Dau. Aye; but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef ———— Come, now we'll in, 'tis about two o'Clock. And ———— let me see by Ten, We shall have, Each, a hundred *Englishmen*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Henry, from the French Side.

K. Hen. Willing to view 'em near, I've been endanger'd Beyond a Leader's Prudence ———— Here I am safe:

Let me look back awhile, and pause for Thought.—
 The Night wears off with slow and heavy Pace;
 Now, creeping Murmur and the poring Dark,
 Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:
 From Camp to Camp, thro' the *thick Shade* of Night,
 The Hum of Either Army stilly sounds!
 The outfix'd Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of Each others Watch:
 Fire answers Fire; and thro' their paly Flames,
 Each Battle sees the Other's umber'd Face!
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neigh,
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear: and from the Tents,
 The Armourers, accomplishing the Chiefs,
 With Clink of Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation:
 The Country Cocks crow round us——mournful Bells,
 From distance, send their slow and solemn Sounds—
 The lusty *French* invite the drowsy Morning;
 Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
 They the low-rated *English* play at Dice for:
 My poor, condemn'd, and thoughtful Followers
 Sit, patiently, round their small watchful Fires,
 And inly ruminate the Morning's Danger:
 Their lank, lean Checks, sad Air, and War-worn Coats,
 Present them to the distant gazing Moon
 So many horrid Ghosts!——Oh! Thou Supreme!
 Thou! in whose Hand alone lies Victory!
 Thou Maker of the Soul, that bows before thee!
 Judge 'twixt my Foes and me——If thou decreest
 To bless me with the Pow'r of blessing others,
 Preserve my Life, for all my People's Safety!
 But, if my Death can free my dear-lov'd Country
 From any deep Distress my Life might cause her,
 Oh, then! accept Me, as my Subjects Sacrifice,
 And I have liv'd enough.——Safe, in thy Hands,
 I rest.——Receive me, if I'm doom'd to fall!
 And, if to triumph, guide me!——

[Exit.]

Enter Duke of York and Soldiers, meeting Exeter and Soldiers.

York. Stand!——Who goes there?

Exe. The Duke of Exeter.

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Uncle!

York. Saw you the King, my Lord?

Exe. He, Royal Captain of our ruin'd Band!

Walks out from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Bids all good Morrow, with a gentle Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen:
Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
How dread an Army has surrounded him:
Nor does he dedicate one Jot of Colour
To the o'erwatch'd and weary Night—but looks
Fresh and Serene, and covers Apprehension
With chearful Air, and smiling Majesty;
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding Him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.

York. — Oh! He's a noble King! Good Heav'n
protect Him!

Of fighting Men They have full Sixty-thousand!

Exe. That's five to one—Besides they are all fresh!

York. Heaven's Arm strike with us—"Tis a fearful
Odds!

O! *Exeter*, farewell! Embrace we close,
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven,
Then joyfully, my noble Friend and Brother!
Adieu, for ever!

Exe. Noble *York*, farewell!

O, that we now had here but One Ten-thousand
Of those in *England*, who do no Work to-day!

Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. Whence was that fruitless Wish? my Un-
cle *Exeter*!

No! my good Uncle! If we are mark'd to die,
We are enough for Loss!——and, if to live,
The fewer Men, the greater Share of Honour!
I am not covetous of Gold or Plunder,
Gay outward Things dwell not in my Desires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.

No; pr'ythee, with not one Man more from *England*;
Let easy Passports make the fearful safe.
We wou'd not die in that Man's Company,
Who fears his Fellowship to fall with us;
Uncle! what Day is this?

54 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

Exe. St. Crispin's Day.

K. Hen. He who outlives this Day, and comes safe Home,
Will rouse him, at *St. Crispin's* well-known Name;
The Man, who sees this Day, and lives old Age,
Shall yearly, on the Vigil, feast his Neighbours,
And say, to-morrow is *St. Crispin's Day*!
Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars,
Old, as he shall be then, he'll not forget
What Feats he did this Day——Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his Mouth, as Household Words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, York, and Gloster!
Be, in his flowing Cups, freshly remember'd!
This Story shall the Good Man teach his Son,
And *Crispin's Day*, henceforth, shall ne'er go by,
But we shall be remember'd in it!——We,
We Few, we happy Few! we Band of Brothers!
For He, to-day, who sheds his Blood with me,
Shall be my Brother, be he ne'er so mean.

Exe. Now shall our Country's Courage meet a Danger,
Worthy Her Warrior's Wishes.

K. Hen. Out-number'd, as we are, beyond Proportion,
Solely to trust our Valour, were but Rashness:
Discretion weighs the utmost Grain of Danger.
The Ground we cover, by yon Village fenc'd,
Secures our Rear;——On either Flank, strong Hedges,
And deep-trench'd Ditches guard us from Approach:
Line these with chosen Bands of *English* Archers,
And let Sir *Walter Orpington* command them;
Close let them shrowd their Terror, till the *French*,
Strong in fierce Cavalry, come pouring on,
To break our Front:——Then let our Archers rise,
And drifted Clouds of Death-wing'd Arrows gall
Their open Flanks——Hence will Disorder follow,
And, spreading dreadful, mix their Troops together:
Be that, brave *York*, the Signal for Your Onset;
Furious, attack, and making Inroad thro' them,
O'er the cast Horsemen, break upon their Foot,
And tread down Number, weakned by Confusion:
What more we wou'd have done, shall, as we pass,
Be order'd:—This Way, Uncle *Exeter*. [Exeunt.

Enter

Orl. W.

Bour. W.

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Enter Orleans and Bourbon.

Orl. Well! Cousin *Bourbon*, is the Foe-embattled?

Bour. When will the long'd-for Trumpet sound to Horse?

Lo but behold yon poor and half-starv'd Band,
Our Show-dress'd War will suck away their Souls,
And leave them but the Shells—the Husks of Men!
There is not Work to busy half our Hands;
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each Sword a Stain—we need but blow on 'em,
The Vapour of our Valour will o'erturn 'em.

Orl. 'Tis positive, beyond Exception, Cousin!
That our superfluous Crowds, who swarm unuseful,
About our Squares of Battle, were enough
To clear the Field of such a weakned Foe.

Enter the Dauphin.

Dau. Sound out the Note to mount, Ha, ha, ha—
Cousins!

[Sound to Horse.

Yon Island Carrions, desp'rate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our Air shakes them, passing scornfully:
Big *Mars* seems Bankrupt, in their beggar'd Host,
And, faintly, thro' a rusty Bever peeps:
Their Horsemen sit unmov'd,—and the poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips;
And in their pale, dull Mouths, the moldy Bit
Lies foul, with chew'd Grass, still, and motionless;
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.

Bour. They've said their Pray'rs, poor Rogues! and
stay for Death.

Orl. In mere Compassion, we should send them
Dinners;

These *English* hate to die with empty Stomachs.

Dau. See! my Guard waits me yonder!—On, to
the Field!

Come, the Sun's high, and we outwear the Day.

[Exeunt.
Sound

Enter

56 King HENRY the Fifth: Or,

Sound of a Charge, with Drums, Trumpets, &c.
The Genius of England rises, and sings.

S O N G.

Earth of Albion! open wide:
And give thy rising Genius way!
Swell with the Trumpet, and triumph with Pride,
At the glorious Renown of this Day!
Look! behold! the marching Lines!
See! the dreadful Battle joins!
Hark! like two Seas, the shouting Armies meet!
Ecchoing Hills the Shock repeat!
And the Vale rings beneath their rushing Feet.

Now, hoarse and sullen beats the dead, deep Drum,
And mourns in sad, slow Sound the Overcome!
Now, thick'ning loud, insults the Ranks, that yield,
And rolls a rumbling Thunder, round the Field!
Now the Trumpet's shrill Clangor enlivens Despair,
And, in Circles of Joy, floats, alarming in Air!
Till the Wind, become musical, charms, as it blows,
And inflames, and awakens, the Foes!
Hark! Hark! ——— 'tis done!

The Day is won!
They bend! they break! the fainting Gauls give way
And yield, reluctant, to their Victor's Sway!
Happy Albion! ——— strong to gain!
Let Union teach Thee, not to win in vain!

Enter in Confusion, Dauphin, Orleans, and Bourbon.

Dau. Death to my Hopes! All is confounded, All
Reproach, and everlasting Shame,
Sit mocking on our Plumes! O! damn'd Witch, Fortune,
Fortune!

Let us not run away!

Orl. Why, All our Ranks are broke.

Bour. O! Shame, beyond Example? Let us stab
ourselves!

Are these the Wretches, whom we play'd at Dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Dau. Shame, and Eternal Shame! Nothing but Shame

Lo

Let us, once more, fly in, rush back again ;
Disorder, that has spoil'd, befriend us now :
Let us, on Heaps, go die, and hide our Enemy.

Bour. We are enough yet living in the Field,
To smother up the *English* in our Throng,
If any Order might be thought upon.

Dau. Confound all Order now — I'll to the Prefs.
Let Life be short, or Shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

*After another Alarm, Enter King Henry, Exeter,
and Soldiers.*

Ext. The Duke of York commends him to your
Majesty.

K. Hen. Lives He, good Uncle! — Thrice, within
this Hour,

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting ;
From Helmet to the Spur, all Blood He was.

Ext. In which Array, brave Soldier! now he lies,
Hack'd, and trod on, by the o'ertrampling Horse,
Larding the Plain : — and by his bloody Side,
Yoke-fellow to his Honour-giving Wounds,
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lies :

Suffolk first dy'd ; and *York*, all hagg'l'd over,
Comes to him, where, insteep'd in Gore he lay,
And grasps him by the Neck — kisses the Gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his Face ;
Then cries aloud, Stay for me, Cousin *Suffolk* !
My Soul shall keep thine Company to Heav'n,
As in this glorious, and well-fought Field,
We kept together : — On these Words, I came,
And cheer'd him up ; He smil'd me in the Face,
Reach'd me his Hand, and with a feeble Gripe,
Said, Dear my Lord ! commend me to my Sovereign !
Groaning, he turn'd, and over *Suffolk's* Neck
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiss'd his Lips ;
And so, espous'd to Death, seal'd with his Blood
A Testament of noble-ending Love !

The moving and sweet Manner of it, forc'd
A Flood of Grief, which I wou'd fain have stop'd,
But had not left so much of Man about me ;
For all my Mother came into my Eyes,
And gave me up to Tears.

K. Hen.

58 *King HENRY the Fifth: Or,*

K. Hen. I blame You not;
For, hearing this, I must, perforce, compound
With wat'ry Eyes, or mine will gush out too.

Enter Bourbon.

Exe. The Duke of *Bourbon*, from the *French*, my
Liege!

K. Hen. Come you again for Ransom?

Bour. No, Great King!

I come for free, and charitable Licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,
To book our Dead; and ere we bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common Men;
This my first Errand, Sir:
His Highness, the Prince *Dauphin*, comes to greet You,
And wou'd, if so Your Majesty permits,
Propose new Terms, and meet in friendly Parley.

K. Hen. Our Ear is even open to the Call
Of honourable Peace——He has safe Conduct.

*Enter the Dauphin, the Princess Catharine,
and Orleans.*

Dau. Once more victorious, and high-fated *Henry*,
We meet——Our Sister, anxious after Peace,
And our dread Sovereign, and Imperial Father,
Committing to our Care the Public Safety,
We come, with mighty tho' unwilling Wonder,
To own the Hand of Heav'n in Your Success:
Ten-thousand *French* lie, breathless on yon Field,
Of whom but sixteen-hundred Common Men!
On Your Side, if the strange Report not errs,
Besides the Duke of *York*, and Earl of *Suffolk*,
None else of Name——and of all other Men,
But five and twenty——Heav'n! thy Arm was here!
When in plain Shock, and even Play of Battle,
Was ever known so great, so little Loss?
But we've not lost to You——the Shame of Losing,
Is overpaid by such a Victor's Glory.
Stand in my Place: Be Regent over *France*,
Ev'n while my Father lives——and when his Days
Reach their high Period, Reign——and join the King-
doms!

Take

Take my lov'd Sister, and be happy, Ever!
 For me, prophetic Hope foreshews me Comfort!
 I shall not long survive my squander'd Fame.
 Sister! farewell;—the rest we leave to You.

[Exit Dauphin.]

K. Hen. The Prince, high - minded, swells with
 gen'rous Sorrow,
 And 'twere to injure him, to urge him back.
 Now, since I call these matchless Beauties mine,
 Peace shall break out, and, with enliv'ning Lustre,
 Chase moist Affliction from the Widow's Eye;
 All shou'd be bless'd, and gay, when You thus smile;
 Nature shou'd dance with Joy, when Love, and Peace,
 Thus twin'd together, shade the shelter'd World.

Prin. O! Noble Henry! spite of that Esteem
 Thy glitt'ring Virtues strike my wond'ring Soul with!
 Some Sighs must be allow'd to sad Reflexion,
 How dear our promis'd Joys have cost my Country.

K. Hen. The tender Woe becomes thy gentle Nature;
 Compassion is the humblest Claim of Misery,
 And They, who feel not Pity—taste not Love:
 Uncle of Exeter! send out, to stop
 Pursuit, and stay the Hand of Desolation:
 We must not waste a Country, we have won:
 Command, that in their undissolv'd Array,
 Our Foot kneel humbly, and our Horsemen bow,
 And, ere they take their Rest, pay Heav'n its Due.

Thus have our Arms triumphant purchas'd Fame,
 And warlike England boasts a dreadful Name;
 O! that the bright Example might inspire!
 And teach my Country not to waste her Fire!
 But, shunning Faction and Domestic Hate,
 Bend All her Vigour, to advance her State.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WE've shewn Ye, Sirs! how France, of Old, was got
And, now, I'll tell ye, why we kept it not —
*This Hero's Son and Heir, — no warring Ranger!
Lov'd Grace, obey'd his Wife, and hated Danger.
Our Harry fought all Day, and slept all Night:
Nor dreamt of gentler Joys than those of Fight.
Tho' bold in War, His Feats in Love were faint!
And this sam'd Champion gave the World a — Saint
There was a Bliss! — Oh! how was Kate mistaken
Such thund'ring Fame must mighty Hopes awaken:
But, tir'd with Action, Her Heroic Lover
Was found, in Peace and Wedlock, no great Mover.*

*There lay the Guilt: — nor went unpunish'd, long;
Weak tho' the Son was, his ill Fate was strong.
Urg'd by slack Reins, and quite broke loose, at last,
The Horse of Pow'r th' unequal Rider cast.
Then rose Division, Faction, and Debate;
And that rank Weed, Rebellion, choak'd the State:
Plunder was Law; and Force, on both Sides, Right;
And Rogues in Red ravish'd with all their Might!
Widows and Wives, were task'd to their full Skill!
And stubborn Maids were — pleas'd against their Will
No Plots, to hoodwink Horns, were then of Use;
For the whole Sex made One allow'd Excuse:
Why, Dear, what Help for't? — I was vex'd, I swear
But — had not been so serv'd, had You been there*

*Now, for some grave Instruction, from the Play,
To send you, warn'd, as well as pleas'd, away:
Who, — by the Woes of a weak Prince's Rule,
Learns not to bless the steady, brave, and cool?
All that a Kingdom feels, of good, or ill,
She owes to her King's Weakness, or his Skill:
Still what the Monarch is, still such the State,
For a King's Conduct, is his People's Fate.*

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